EIGHT MILES UNDER FIRE.

A STORY OF THE FIGHT AT RESACA.

A Georgia Woman in Charleston Weekly News. On the 14th and 15th of May, 1864, the battle of Resaca took place. I was staying at the time with some friends on staying at the time with some irrends on their farm, nearly two miles north of the village, but on what afterwards proved to be a hotly contested part of the field. They had not the vaguest idea that a battle was impending. That Gen. Johnston would retreat toward Atlanta and leave them "in the lines" they fully expected and head mode their arrangements. pected, and had made their arrangements accordingly, sending off what valuables they could and packing up and storing away the balance. But that he should halt at Resaca and make a desperate stand there astonished them. And when they found that their home would be in the battlefield, that their very house would be hotly contested for, as it was a would be notly contested for, as it was a large, strong building standing on a hill, commanding two fords, and it would therefore be impossible to remain in it, they were filled with dismay. When should they go? All their stock and vehicles of every sort had been sent off, so they could not ride away. And it was impossible for an old man and a lot of impossible for an old man and a lot of delicate women to march perhaps for

miles. Even if they could stand the march, where should they go?

All day long we had been running out to the fence to see the troops pass by and to speak to any friends who might chance to be among them. By them we were assured that a fight on the morrow was inevitable, and their distress at our dangerous position did not tend to raise our spirits. By night we found ourselves in the midst of a camp. The light of the camp-fires lit up the horizon far and wide, and the hum of thousands of within reach.

whom she had run down and captured. They were mewing and scratching, and group around, by their looks and gestures, testified their sympathy. Did she come too late? I wondered.

While I thus mused the wagons crosshuman voices was like the roaring of a mighty sea. By to-morrow night how many of these voices will be stilled, I thought; and indeed how many of us

My musings were interrupted by the arrival of my friend'a son. Capt. Mitchell was in the engineer corps and had been busy all day laying pontoon bridges across the Oostanaula River at Resaca. He was tired and jaded; but, full of anxiety, he had come to inquire what his father expected to do, and was appalled to learn that they all contemplated ed to learn that they all contemplated remaining in the house. IN A PERILOUS POSITION.

"You will all be killed !" he said, in

"Where shall we go?" they asked. "Suppose you go down to the river and get under the bluff. That will be a capital hiding-place."

The river, like most mountain streams,

had very high banks.
"Yes, but if the Yankees try and cross there, as it is likely they will," said one of his sisters, "we might be caught by an

enfilading fire and so perish miserably like rats in a hole. No, if we must die let us die above ground."

"Yes." rejoined another, in an aside to me, "I might fall into the river and get drowned. I always was afraid of wa-

Then the distracted captain propos that we should all lie down on the side of a neighboring hill and so escape the shot and shell. But some one suggested that our troops, in charging, might run over us and trample us to death; and so we would all be slain by the hands (or rather feet) of our friends. With a deep groan he acknowledged this danger, and as a last suggestion proposed that we should lie down on the floor close to the wall. As he seemed so distressed we all promised, though we knew none of us sisters confided to me that she intended to get up on the fence and stay there, see all that she could see; that she had long desired to witness a battle, and this was her charice.

Then the unhappy captain bade his family adieu, neither ever expecting to see the other again. His mother was quite overwhelmed at the parting. She was the most timid creature I ever saw, and had sat all this time in a state of collapse; but I believe now she was more distressed at the danger her son must run on the morrow than of any she might encounter. At last, worn out and weary, we fell asleep, and slept soundly till the roar of the human sea the next morning aroused us. It must have been nearly 8 o'clock when, as I was talking to some soldiers, I spied Capt. Mitchell galloping up, followed by two army wagons that Gen. Johnston had kindly loaned him.

A HURRIED FLIGHT. "Pack up and come away at once," he said. "The fight will begin directly and you will then have to ride under fire." I had been offering my services to a surgeon as a field-hospital nurse, but at pack up my things, and I never saw either him or his hospital afterwards.

Even in the hurry of flight I could but notice that the instinctive love of property is much greater in women than in Capt. Mitchell was frantic to be men. Capt. Mitchell was frantic to be off. but his sisters insisted that they must stop a mement to pick up "their things."
"Things!" he cried. "Is this a time to
talk of things? The fight may com-

mence at any moment; and can you all ride two or three miles under fire?" "I'll be ready in a moment," said one

of his sisters, looking up from a large trunk she was hurriedly packing with Just then the sudden "boom" of a

cannon was heard. "Good Lord!" cried the Captain, leaping as if shot. "There! the fight has commenced !" and taking up an armful of clothing he threw it into the trunk, dashed down the lid, and turning to the

drivers, cried: "Hero, put it in the wagon."
The sister had no idea of giving up her beloved things, but she saw it was useless to contest the point with him, so

she resorted to subterfuge.
"You had better look after mother," she suggested. "I'll bet she is turning The soldiers on the opposite side of the

round and round and doing nothing." The Captain fell into the snare and

hurried cut of the room. "Here," cried she to the men, "drop that trunk. I'll not send it off half packed, battle or no battle."

The two soldiers surveyed her with grins of admiration at her pluck. The war of artillery and the sharp rattle of musketry filled the air. Hastily opening the trunk, she hurriedly packed it, though the balls were splashing in the and had just filled it to the top when her water on each side of us. She did not brother was heard approaching.

"Hurry, hurry !" cried she to the men, "or the Captain will catch you. I am more afraid of him at present than of all

found his mother turning round and drawers with valuables to be left, and which she never saw again. This work done, with her Bible and a large turkeytail fan, from which she was never speak to the guard." For I knew that if to in two days we never saw again for his pardon-bring him up."

she stood ready to depart, praying and fanning herself; and if her daughters had not looked after her clothing she would not have had a change to her

side ever discovered the daughter way under her, and I would give way under her, and I would have the pleasure of carrying and wounded soldiers we at last two years, and then it had bee everything and was in ruins.

Journeying on the trains with and wounded soldiers we at last two years, and then it had bee everything and was in ruins.

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Luckily the girls were as brave and cool as their mother was faint hearted and excited, and in an incredible short time had affairs in marching order. As very few trunks could be put into the wagon, every sack and pillow-case was pressed into service, and garment after garment was rolled up into tight balls and crammed down into them, and these bags were then packed into the wagon. THE FOUR TABBY CAPTAINS.

The demand for bags, of course, was reat, and as there was no time to look or them an amusing scene took place between one of the ladies and her niece, old Mrs. Mitchell's pet grandchild, a girl of eight or ten, who, far from concerning herself to save anything of value, had appropriated one of the valuable bags for the use of four gray kittens, named after four Confederate captains of her acquaintance. With this great treasure she was marching off, when her aunt spied her and capturing the bag, indignantly tilted the four tabby captains out,

who joyfully scampered away.

"Are not your grand-paren's clothes of more value than four cats?" she scorn-fully demanded, when the little girl made a tearful remonstrance.

In answer to Cap. Mitchell's cry to make haste, as the firing had commenced along the line, and if they did not hurry they would be forced to ride for miles under fire, the household sallied forth, all the ladies with something in their hands, looking very much like people flying from a house on fire—old Mrs. Mitchell with her Bible and turkey-tail fan, and her granddaughter with another sack containing the four cat captains, whom she had run down and captured.

One of the sisters, it should be mentioned, was so thoughtless as to come forth empty-handed. "Are you carrying off nothing?" the

others demanded reproachfully.

Abashed she fled back into the deserted house, and snatching up a large looking-glass, for which she had no manner of use, clasped it in her arms after the manner of a breastplate, and sallying forth in this dazzling armor, climbed to

At last every one, servants and all, were packed in the wagons and we start-

her place on top of the baggage in the

For about two miles the dirt road and ailroad ran close together. Drawn up along the railroad was a line of soldiers waiting for their time to take a hand in the ball, which was now being opened at Resaca, two miles away, by a grand cannonading. They looked mournfully at us as we rode by. Then something jostled the wegon, some one lost their balance—it may have been one of the cat captains-and in the confusion an elbow was thrust into the looking glass breast-plate and shivered it, so the fragments were cast out. The line of veterans broke, the men darted forward to secure the bits of glass, and eagerly scanned such little strips of their faces as they

The little village of Resaca is situated at the junction of two mountain rivers, which here flow together and form the Oostanaula. This river was spanned by a fine railroad bridge, and for these reasons Resaca had been considered as a strategic point of considerable importance, and had been closely guarded for a long time. The line of hills which surrounded the village bristled with for-tifications. At the foot of one of these chains stretched a little plateau, and on this ran both railroads and dirt road. As our heavily ladened wagons jogged slowly along a shell flew over the breastworks and sailed toward us. It was still some distance from us when a little stream of white smoke issued from it. Old Mrs. Mitchell had never seen one of the per-

nicious things, and it attracted her favorable notice. "What is that up there with the white

smoke?" she calmly demanded.

As has been said before the old lady was nervous and timid, and had she known the dangerous nature of the object of her admiration she might have taken a fit. After jumping to the conclusion that it was too far off to hurt us some one informed her that it was only a shell.

Why, they are very pretty things." Here the driver turned round in his saddle and surveyed us, but I have no or idiots. His contemplations were interrupted by an officer leaping on the breastworks and shouting, "Double-quick that wagon! Double-quick it!"

"Ah !" said the old lady,

A little farther on we met a squad of horsemen. They proved to be Gen. Polk this news I ignominiously forsook him to and his staff, and Capt. Mitchell, who was serving under him, rode up beside his father to speak to him.

THE WARRIOR PRIEST.

It was the first time I had ever seen the warrior priest, and it was also the last, for he was killed during this campaign. He was a very fine looking man, and I will never forget the courteous grace with which he bared his head and bowed in token of sympathy as we pass-

"Where are you to cross the river, Captain?" he asked. "At the lower pontoon, General. I think it the safest."

We had not gone very far before one of his aides came flying after us. "The General says you had better cross at the upper bridge. The firing is not so

As we rode through Resaca the little village seemed fairly to rock from the tremendous cannonading. Many of its houses had been struck.

When we reached the pontoon bridge it was thought best that we should dismount and cross on foot, and it fell to my lot to escort Mrs. Mitchell over. No sooner had we started than a Federal battery not far off opened fire upon us. river, protected by the high railroad embankment, became quite frantic at our danger and kept screaming to us to

"Run! run, ladies! for God's sake run,

and get over here." All of this was lost on old Mrs. Mitchell. She could not hear what they said for the roar of the cannonading to which she had now become accustomed. Neither did she know that we were under fire, water on each side of us. She did not see very well, so she did not notice them, and no one felt called upon to draw her attention to the fact. She objected to running, preferring to walk; so taking her by the hand we ambled along. Half way across we passed a soldier on guard, whereupon she stopped to ask him if there was any danger there. He was a

At last we reached the other bank and vere under cover of the railroad embankment. Then the officer in charge of the pontoon came up to speak to us. He was an old friend Mrs. Mitchell had not seen for years, and she greeted him cor-

dially. "How do you do, Capt. Harris? I am so glad to see you. How is your wife?" "She is very well," said the astonished Captain, looking first at the old lady and then involuntarily at a shell flying over

She was so busy tattling to the Captain that she had not noticed it.

"And your sisters, how are they?" "Very well, I thank you," he said politely, not wishing to be outdone in

"And our friends, the Turners-have you seen them lately?" He gazed at her in astonishment. The forest trees around were being riddled by shot and shell, but she was so busy talking about her neighbors she did not

notice them, their whistling sound being drowned in the louder noise of the cannonading. Men were lying around wounded and dying, but she did not see very well, and she probably concluded that they had assumed those postures to escape being hurt. I believe had she known the real state of the case she would have died of fright.

While she was prattling thus with her old friend I noticed a little group not far off—a squad of soldiers with a woman in their midst, and a horse with a sidesaddle on it, standing near. I judged that she had just ridden there, for she stood, with her face dropped in her hands, by the side of a man who lay stiff and stark upon the ground; while the

ed and we were hurried into them and continued our flight till we reached Calhoun, some six miles distant, being kept on the alert all the way by the shells crashing among the tree tops. On reaching Calhoun it seemed almost

as if we had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, as the town was being shelled and the citizens were flying for their lives in every direction. A fierce fight was going on. The Federal cavalry were trying to cross the river and the Confederates were trying to prevent them. We could stand in the street and witness the fray, as the town was right down on the river. But here we had to give up our wagons, so we all dismounted, glad to be relieved from our cramped position, and from the four cat captains, who had escaped from their bag and had been disporting themselves on the backs and shoulders of the company. We took refuge in a little deserted house from which every one had fled.

Excitement is a very good tonic, but it can't keep one up forever. We had no breakfast and were all extremely hungry. The cook, provident soul, had come off with a large basket of bread. Some other thoughtful creature, just before our flight, had turned all the milk into the This idea had met with Capt. Mitchell's warm approval as he chased up and down the house, hurrying everybody.
"A very good notion," said he, "I'll

see to that being taken care of, myself." So the milk was consigned to his charge, and when every one clamorously demanded these viands, the captain said he would enjoy a drink of milk. "I take great credit to myself for sav-

The cook produced the bread. The milk, ah! where was it? Nowhere to be found! The last known of it was when it was seen on the hall table just before we left home, and I make no doubt some thirsty Confederate had long since consamed it. A battery of reproachful eyes were levelled on the captain, who looked extremely foolish.

"You would never have made a good butter-milk ranger. You are unfit for the position," said Daisy severely as she sorrowfully devoured her dry bread.

STILL UNDER FIRE. But the fury of the fight around us

soon diverted our minds from our private Some officers climbed a very high hill in front of our little house for the purpose of reconnoitering, and the Federals shells came whistling over our heads striking the houses and shivering the trees across the way, causing the officers to beat a hasty retreat. As for old Mrs. Mitchell, I thought she would have had idea whether he thought we were heroes a spasm. It was the first time she realized she was in any danger. As every shell burst, she leaped up crying, "Lord preserve me!" and as they burst every minute or two, she came nearer obeying the Bible injunction to "pray without ceasing" than any one I have ever seen By night the dear old lady was very sick, and we were all feeling quite anxious about her.

Early in the day Capt. Mitchell left us, after giving strict orders that we were to remain closely indoors, and not expose ourselves to the gaze of the soldiery, who constantly passed to and fro before the door. As he seemed very anxious and worried, we thought it best to faithfully promise to obey him; but just as soon as we made sure he was out of sight we sallied forth and stationed ourselves upon the fence, or any where else that we could get a good sight of the fighting going on. We could be in no more danger in one place than another, and preferred to be shot out of doors to of the problem which has baffled the inhave the roof come crashing down upon our heads. As for Daisy, who had so is hard to overestimate. The complete famous ever since the old Roman days long desired to see a battle, she hung practical success of the Cotton Harvester upon the gate, and being anxious to help in the good cause, handed water to every thirsty soldier who passed. It was really cost at least forty millions of dollars less strange to see how many of them were than it now costs to produce it. No

athirst. Commonness of interest did away ceremony. We frequently asked how went the fight, and many a soldier, taking pity on us after seeing our anxious faces, tried to cheer us with hopes of

victory. Daisy, who was very young and romantic, was thrown into ecstacies of admiration over a handsome young cavalier, who, half reining in his galloping steed, with a graceful wave of his gauntleted hand, cried, "Don't be alarmed, ladies, we will defend you!"

"Oh! is he not a brave defender!" she cried, using a cant phrase of the time. Soon after there jogged by the roughest sort of a cavalryman, who, wishing to throw in his meed of sympathy drawled out in a harsh, nasal voice, "Skeered, gals?"

'He is also a brave defender," said I, as Daisy turned away in disgust. HOMELESS REFUGEES.

After two days anxious waiting in Calhoun for the battle to be over that we | ging pardon on every occasion. One day might return home, we learned with dis- as he was about to leave the bench, the may that Gen. Johnston was slowly re-

known to be separated summer or winter, she ever discovered the danger she was two years, and then it had been swept of

Journeying on the trains with the sick and wounded soldiers we at last reached M-, where kind friends welcomed us. Mrs. Mitchell, recovering from her fright and fatigue, discovered that she was a war worn veteran. She also learned with great surprise that her trip from home to Calhoun was a far more dangerous affair than her disagreeable experiences in that village, and as it was far weary of saying to the gaping old ladies who came to see her, while she gently fanned herself with the turkey-tail fan, 'And I actually, ma'am, rode eight miles under fire!"

"And never knew it," I wanted to add, but didn't.

Mason's Cotton Harvester and the Pros-

The autumn of 1884 bids fair to be a memorable epoch for the Southern States, not only because it is likely to bring to an end the long reign of Republican misrule in our National affairs, but because it promises to usher into successful use an invention which will certainly give a wonderful impetus to our great agricultural industry, and may bring about a peaceful revolution in our sys-tem of field labor. We refer to the new cotton picking machine, known as Mason's Cotton Harvester. The multitude of inquiries about it that reach us from all parts of the South shows how widespread is the public interest in the suc-

cess of the invention. The opening bolls will in a few weeks spread "the snow of Southern summers" over our fields, and before the close of will be abundant opportunity for the been lost and no endeavor has been spared by the Company which owns the patents to prepare for this crop a machine which would satisfactorily do the work of picking the cotton from the plant and take place of the expensive and tedious process of hand labor. Several machines of slightly varying styles have now been completed and are ready to straddle the cotton rows. At the close of the last season Mr. Mason had succeeded in perfecting a machine which would pick out the open cotton without injury to the growing plants, or the unmatured cotton bolls and blooms. This machine, which was tested in the presence of large numbers of planters, demonstrated that the principle which was to solve the great problem had been discovered. The mechanical application of the principle at that time was not perfectly satisfactory to Mr. Mason. It was too complicated and costly, and in other

respects needed improvement. The conveyors which remove the cotton from picking stems, were not of sufficient ca- rivers winding away to the Northward pacity to remove the cotton as fast as it until they unite at Mannheim, and on was picked. To remedy the defects of the East and South the dark unbroken construction and to simplify the machine green of the Black Forest, with the has been the aim of Mr. Mason's work during the past six months. The coming tests will best show how completely he Westward towards the Rhine, the scene has succeeded in this difficult task. The machine is now quite light, weighing mountain House, looking towards the garded as "very pretty." Nearly in the only about 300 pounds, and is shapely as Hudson; but with the added advantage well as handy. Yet it is so strong that it that here the mountains, although much cannot easily get out of order, and its manipulation requires no other skill than the knowledge of how to drive a horse or mule. Until the test shall have been made it is impossible to say what the capacity of the machine will be. Its inventor is confident that it will harvest

4,000 pounds of seed cotton in a day of After the first tests, which will be made near the company's shops at Sumter, S. C., it is likely that tests will be made in different parts of this State and other cotton-growing sections. A letter from the Treasurer of the World's Exposition at New Orleans says that, in seekers after knowledge, but duelling compliance with a suggestion made by and dissipation constitute the amusement the Cotton Harvester Company, the of too large a portion. The duelling is a Director General will appoint a commit-tee of competent judges to witness a trial of the Cotton Harvesting Machine at upper portion of the face and the chest such time and place as shall be designated by the Harvester Company. This ing master stands by the side of each of arrangement has been made in order that the contestants to ward off any blow that the real merits of the machine may be may seem dangerous, and the sham fight conclusively demonstrated. In December, when the Exposition will open, and in January when it will probably be only fairly organized and largely attended, the cotton in the fields will not be in favorable condition for picking. Such cotton as might be preserved on the plants for the purpose would be wind-tossed, stained and full of trash. What the Cotton Harvester Company desires to demonstrate is that their machine is specially adapted for gathering the cotton at precisely the same time that it is picked by hand. To demonstrate this it is likely that some time about the middle of October will be fixed for the test. The committee will then have every opportunity of examining the work per ormed by the machine upon the cotton plants when filled with blooms, forms,

unripe bolls and open bolls. Whatever award the judges may decide to make can be made during the Exposition, and a machine will, of course, be on exhibition as part of the South Carolina ex-The deep interest which is felt throughout the South in Mr. Mason's work is shown by the large number of prominent gentlemen who travel long distances to visit the shops in Sumter to see it. They come, incredulous that the machine will ever succeed in the practical work of means that the Southern States can and

impatient gaze !- News and Courier. "I fear no foe" before he was married, now says, "I cannot sing the old songs. - A young girl began to sing: "Listen to the mocking bird," and everybody in the room rushed out to find a mocking bird to listen to.

ed by the whole South with eager and

- "In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday School teacher of a quiet looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," which, by both analysis and synthesis, calmly replied the boy. - The following advertisement ap-

peared in an Edinburg paper-"For sale,

a handsome piano the property of a

young lady who is leaving Scotland in a walnut case with turned legs." - An Irish Judge had a habit of begofficer of the court reminded him that IN FOREIGN LANDS.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 14, 1884.

Correspondence of the Intelligencer. Some writer has said that if we should speak of the "Old Castle of Heidelberg" as the "old stone house on huckleberry hill," many of the poetic and romantic associations would be lost, although the literal meaning would remain the same; and while this may be true to a certain erected on the Cologne cathedral; but extent. (the word Heidelberg meaning only one was built thus detracting much pleasanter to think of, she was never extent, (the word Heidelberg meaning nothing more than "huckleberry mountain,") yet it is also true that for one who has ever had the pleasure of seeing this grand old castle-the finest ruin in Germany-no change of name can ever change or obliterate the memory. The city of Heidelberg is most delight-

fully situated in the narrow valley of the Neckar, just at its junction with the valley of the Rhine; and the castle, which for several centuries was the seat of the Palatine, and was regarded as one of the most impregnable fortresses of Europe, overhangs the valley on the South side of the river, and about 300 feet above the city. It consists of numerous towers and other defensive works, together with the remains of the palaces which were built and occupied at different periods in its history, the whole protected by a moat not less than fifty feet in width and from thirty to forty feet in depth, the main entrance being formerly over a drawbridge and through a narrow passage in a watch tower, closed by a massive portcullis, whose threatening iron the present month it is hoped that there points can still be seen above our heads as we enter. One of the most important final test of the new Harvester. Since towers was blown up by the French in the last crop was gathered no time has 1689 and so great was the strength of the masonry that a large portion of the wall, ward without crumbling and still lies in the most, a monument to the skill of the masons who erected this mighty fortress. Nearly a hundred years later the castle was struck by lightning and since that time no attempt at restoration has been made. In one of the cellars is the celebrated "tun" or wine cask, the largest ever constructed. It is as large as a small house, having a length of thirtysix feet and a horizontal diameter of twenty-two feet and holding about 50,-000 gallons or nearly 1,600 barrels. It was built more than one hundred years ago and has been filled several times, but is at present unused.

About 700 feet above the castle, on the top of the mountain, is the Konigsstuhl, or King's Seat, with a tower which yet seen in Europe. It includes a large portion of the fertile plain of the Rhine the boxes, where it is deposited by the and the valley of the Neckar, with the Odenwald, the Suabian and the Taunus lower, rise abrubtly from the plain, while the point of observation is the highest for many miles, thus giving an extensive view of the forests, mountains and valleys on the North, the East and the South. The University of Heidelberg is one of most imposing falls of Europe." the most famous in Europe, but its build-

ings are in no way commensurate with its great reputation. The plain, dingy structures which are pointed out as the University buildings are in striking contrast to the massive and elegant halls erected by many of the colleges and goes on until one or the other has received a wound, usually in the lower part of the face, the scar from which will form an honorable (?) record of university life. We saw some dozens of these disfigured faces about the city, while others whose wounds had not yet healed were going about with their countenances plastered up as though they had been enjoying an interview with a belligerent cat.

Baden Baden, about two hours' ride Southward from Heidelberg, is, we were informed by the clerk of our hotel there, "the prettiest place in Germany;" and after a few hours spent in looking over its attractions we were not inclined to dispute his statement. It is situated in a lovely valley, surrounded by wooded hills just at the edge of the Black Forest; and shares with Wiesbaden the honor of being one of the two most popular watering places of Europe. Its Cursaal is much finer than that of its rival and was built years ago by the lessee of the gambling privilege; but for twelve years public gambling has been prohibited throughout Germany and with it has gone much of the glory of Baden. The good old times, when "things were lively," are remembered with longing by many of the old habitues of the place, as well as by the shop-keepers whose coffers were enriched by the flood of gold so recklessly poured into the city. It still vinced that its success is assured. The has many attractions, however, in its magnitude of the results of the solution parks, its concerts, etc., and is visited and the chemical ingredients are about the same as those of the latter place.

They are used for almost every sixty and the same as those of the latter place. annually by thousands. The waters, will raise the cotton for the world at a They are used for almost every ailment, real or imaginary. Fat people drink that they may become lean and lean peowonder that the outcome of Mr. Mason's modest machine shop in Sumter is watchand if well people are fools enough to drink, we see no good and sufficient reason why they should not become sick. It is an amusing sight at about five or six o'clock in the morning, to see hun-dreds, both sick and well of both sexes making their way to the "Trickhalle" where the waters from all the springs are collected and struggling with one or more glasses of the sickening stuff. Thinking that some of the readers of these letters might wish to sample some of these has been proven correct to the thirtieth decimal: To fourteen gallons of rain water, two weeks old, add two quarts of soft soap and five pounds, sixteen ounces when it has cooled to a temperature of about 150 degrees, try a glass of it and if you like it you have our permission to that?" asked the astonished teacher: "Four," yelled record of slaughtered heroes and patriots, for several years a member of the drug record of slaughtered heroes and patriots, you are trying to throw the gloss of respectability.

> Strasburg, the ancient capital of the Franco-Prussian war, is located in the the teacher down.

midst of a fertile plain, which surrounds the city for many miles on every side. It has a population of about 90,000 and is strongly fortified. The Cathedral, with it wonderful astronomical clock, is

the principal attraction of the city and is well worth a visit. It was commenced in 1015 and the structure as it stands at the present completed in 1439. The original plan contemplated the building, of twin spires similar to those since from the appearance of the facade. structure at Cologne) with a nave 100 feet in height and a tower which is often incorrectly stated to be the loftiest in Europe, it being 465 feet high, or 46 feet lower than the great spire of Cologne. The astronomical clock is built on the floor in the South transept, and is one of the most complicated pieces of mechanism ever constructed. It is the result of twenty years of labor, fifteen of which were devoted to the plans and calculations and five to the actual construction of the machinery by the inventor. It is only about fifty years old, having been built to replace one which was destroyed. Besides showing the hour of the day, the day of the week, month, etc., it gives the church festivals, the position of the earth and much other valuable astronomical information, and is calculated to follow the calendar correctly for 999 years. Its display of puppets is one of its great attractions, and they certainly show great ingenuity on the part of the inventor. The principal display takes place at noon, when figures representing the twelve apostles pass before an image of Christ, each bowing in turn, a cock crows, a figure of Time turns an hour glass and various other puppets and images take part in the exhibition. The view from the form on which the missing tower was to have been built, is an admirable one, including the city surrounded by a complete circle of fortifications, with the vast plains beyond. A large number of storks, being protected by the laws of the city, build their nests on the tops of the chimneys of many of the houses, and from the cathedral dozens of these awk-

point on our programme and were reachthe Elack Forest Railway, a road which is regarded as one of the triumphs of modern engineering. It runs for many miles over the densely wooded hills of this romantic region, the dark green of the forests and not any foul deeds of blood, furnishing the reason for giving it the uncanny name which it bears. The alleged falls, which are spoken of as "the most imposing in Europe," are located at Neuhausen, three miles west of Schaffnausen, and an American may be pardoned should be indulge in a quiet smile at the doubtful majesty of the affair. It is a mere cascade, the river making a descent of about sixty feet, flowing over the rocks on one side at an angle of about 45 degrees and on the other at about half that inclination. Of course the water is dashed into foam as it is hurled downward, and in the absence of from below, and from the top the best view is obtained. If you can imagine that the rock is about to be washed away by the rush of the waters you may be able to arouse some enthusiasm over "the

ward birds may be seen.

From Neubausen, a short ride brings us to Lake Constance, one of the largest, but not the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes. On the north and northeast its shores are low and flat, but farther south the mountains rise around it and give it some fine bits of scenery. We cross universities of America. A majority of from Constance to Friedrichshafen, on the students are faithful, hard-working the northeastern shore, and from thence recross to Romanshorn, at which place we again take the train for Zurich. where, on the shore of the beautiful lake of that name we spent a "day of rest." TRAVELER.

> A Train Runs Away Down the Mountain.

Last Monday afternoon, 4th inst., an accident of a very thrilling nature occurred on the Ducktown branch of the Western North Carolina Railroad, resulting in the wreck of a construction train, the destruction of a trestle and the death of Conductor Wynn, who was in charge of the train at the time of the accident, and who refused to jump from the moving cars as all the others did. Our information is that on the evening in question a material train was slowly ascending a steep grade up a mountain side, and when about midway up the grade a coupling pin broke, or a bumper pulled out, detaching the train from the engine. The train was a heavy one, and the moment it broke loose from the engine it commenced a wild runaway down the mountain side. The force of construction hands, the brakemen and train hands leaped from the train as it started down the mountain and all escaped unhurt. Only one man remained on the flying train, and he was the heroic Captain Wynn, the conductor of the train, who leaped to a brake wheel and bent his every energy to check the speed of the train by the application of the brake. But his efforts proved unavailing. At each revolution of the wheels the speed of the train increased. It was a thrilling spectacle to see the runaway cars streaking down the iron pathway with one solitary man on board-the courageous Wynn, his back bent to the brake wheel and his hair streaming in the wind. A short distance down the road was a trestle the cars tumbled one upon the other in a general wreck. The train hands realized what had occurred as soon as they heard the crash, and they hastened in the direction of the trestle to find that all was a wreck. The first thought was for Capt. Wynn, and they set to work at once in the endeavor to rescue him from the debris, but it was some time before his body was reached. He was found under one of the cars and when pulled out was still alive, but hopelessly crushed and bruised. Both his legs were broken badly, the fractures extending almost to his hip joints, and there were other bruises and contusions about his body. The physicians, who were quickly summoned, pronounced his injuries fatal. He was carried to a house near by where every attention was paid him until his death, which occurred a few hours after

you like it you have our permission to that?" asked the astonished teacher; come to Baden Baden and drink all you "the table says it takes 128." "Well, it don't take but four at our house, 'cause I often heard man say that when she

BILL ARP

Turns His Attention to Military Boys.

What a pleasant thing it is—the re-union of army comrades. I believe there are more of them both North and South this year than any year since the war. There is a sad, sweet pleasure about it, and there is nothing wrong or demoralizing, and I hope the boys in blue and the boys in gray will keep it up as long as there is a quorum left. The quorums of some of the companies are getting very small, for there is an enemy to human life that is surer of his mark than cannon ball or shot or shell. Old father time is slow, but he is sure. Speaking of quorums reminds me of a faithful soldier, a Jew, a very humble and patient Jew, who joined a company from Rome and was received under protest, for he was frail and feeble, and had never made any demonstration of courage or patriotism. That man hardly ever saw anythingbut he was as true as steel. He never went to hospital, never asked for a furlough, never was well, never was sick. never straggled on the march, never missed a battle, and never boasted of anything he did. I remember that when his company were badly cut up and badly demoralized and a forced march was ordered, the regiment was suddenly halted for review, and when his company was called for to be inspected the faithful Jew stepped forward and presented arms. "Where is your company, Mr. Jonas?" said the commanding officer. Jonas made an humble salute and replied, "Colonel I ish de kumbuy." I was 'ruminating over these things the other day when I was in Barks County and heard that the Banks County Guards were to have a reunion. I wish I could have stayed to see it and enjoy it. I recall the time when the Banks County Guards made such a sensation in the Virginia army on account of the peculiar Candler was a born Chesterfield and neither the rules nor the rigor of war could shake or modify his instinctive politeness. "Gentlemen of the Banks

"Gentlemen of the Banks County Guards I thought that I ordered you to look to the right and dress but doubtless you did not hear me, so I will repeat the order, gentlemen of the Banks County Guards you will please look to the right

County Guards, you will please to right

"Gentlemen of the Banks County Guards, I have just received a communication from Colonel Semmes saying that he will send Major Harris down at 2 o'clock to exercise you in the drill and other military tactics. I would like to ask you gentlemen if it is your pleasure to be drilled by Major Harrison?" Bill Chaston says that about this time great big bearded private who was a bell weather among the boys and was springing out on his own side, turned leaning up against a tree, locked his arms over his head and gaped and yawned as he replied, "no capting I dont believe I feel like drilling this evening. We will let the colonel know when we feel like it."

It is a springing out on his own side, turned three somersaults and landed on his back. Both were now convinced that they were in a den of thieves, and perfect like it."

It is a springing out on his own side, turned three somersaults and landed on his back. Both were now convinced that they were in a den of thieves, and perfect like it."

I describe the colonel know when we feel like it." Military terms and military tactics that no light could enter, and removed were altogether unknown to the mountaineers and their officers, but they did the best they could and were always hands and knees, nearly frozen to death, ready for a fight. When Captain Candler wanted his company to advance a few paces to the front he always said "Gen-

tlemen of the Banks County Guards I will thank you to step this way." But in due time they became familiar with right oblique and file left and countermarch and charge and fix bayonets and all the other orders except fall back and retreat, and no company in Colonel Semmes, command stood higher for courage and patriotism than the Banks County Guards. Long may the remnant live to honor their country, and long may Captain Candler live to command them in peace as faithfully as he did in war.

I see that many of the regiments have presented their banners, their tattered and torn and faded banners, and it is now lawful for the boys to plant the old colors in their midst and do homage to them and there are none to molest or make us afraid. That is a good sign, a sign of returning

reason in the minds of our masters. I remember well when it was not tolerated. I remember when the young folks of Rome had some tableaux in t'e city hall to raise money to put the pews back in the churches, the pews that Sherman's men had taken out to make pontoons of and kindle their camp fires. They had a battle scene on the stage and set up an old confederate flag in the corner.

De la Mesa was there, the commandant of the post. He was half French and half Spanish, half fool and half dog and would have made a splendid priest in old Spanish inquisition. When he saw the flag he left the hall in a tower of rage. Next morning he put all the prominent persons connected with the tableaux under arrest and threatened to put the girls in jail but he was afraid. I was lord mayor of the little town at

that time and as in duty bound wrote to General George H. Thomas at Louisville, Kentucky, and told him frankly all about it and asked for the discharge of the voung men. The reply that I received in due time reminds me of Logan's letter of accep-

tance. It is a splendid bloody shirt, I

have it now before me and will give an

extract just to show where we stood in Febuary, 1867. I had written him as humble as a dead nigger. I told him that our people in Rome had in good faith accepted the situation, and the boys intended no insult by the display of the The answer says, "If your people have ordinary intelligence they misunderstand their present status, which is that the re-

bellion is a huge crime embodying all the crimes in the decalogue. It has been conquered and disarmed and its very name and emblems are hateful to the people of the trusted States, and he must indeed obtuse who expects to be allowed to parade before the eyes of loyal people that which they execrate and "Your excuse that the young men did

not know it was wrong is too puerile to answer. They know well enough what is right in such matters without waiting

to be warned by orders from these headquarters. "The sole cause of this offence is that the citizens of Rome have not accepted the situation which is that the civil war was a rebellion and those engaged in it are rebels, and rebellion is treason, and treason is a crime, a heinous one, deserving of punishment, and that you rebels have not been punished is owing to the magnanity of your conquerers, with many of you, the war is called a revoluand loyalists to the union are called d—d yankees and traitors and over the whole created and traitors and over the whole creates are called d.—d yankees and traitors and over the whole creates are called d.—d. Traitors and over the whole creates are called d.—d. Traitors and over the whole creates are called d.—d. Traitors and over the whole creates are called d.—d. Traitors and over the whole creates are called d.—d. Traitors and over the way of the called d.—d. Traitors are called d.—d. Traitors and over the called d.—d. Traitors and traitors and traitors are called d.—d. Traitors and traitors are called d.—d. Traitors and traitors are called d.—d. Traitors

"As however, it is pretended by you that the persons arrested were so innocent as leased from confinement with the under- | a visit.

standing that no act of treason will hereafter pass unnoticed, and may they and all others profit by the lesson they have received.

WM. D. WHIPPLE. Asst. Adjt. Gen.

That is very nice and affectionate and well calculated to make good union men of those boys, wasent it? Thank the Lord we have survived such bitterness and tyranny, and if it was not for such men as Logan, who continue to hate and abuse us, our whole country would be at

FELL THROUGH A TRAP.

The Ridiculous Position of Two Prominent Men.

Judge William Carter, of Sheboygan, and Judge Caswell Marks, of Selma, were both natives of Lexington, Ky. In boyhood they had jammed the same cat's head into the same milk pitcher, stolen peaches from the same tree, got trounced by the same farmers, were otherwise enviously intimate friends, afterwards chums at college and then errand boys in the same office. Later in life they parted and rose to sublime honors in their separate places. Last January they met for the first time since their parting, in Lexington, and brewed a convivial bowl in honor of the event. About midnight, full of affection and enthusiasm, they retired in the same bed. It was a huge affair, standing in the middle of the room and capable of being drawn up by ropes to the ceiling while the room was being cleaned. It was a very cold night and they placed their clothing upon the foot of the bed. Just after they fell asleep four friends entered softly, drew the bed by the ropes nearly to the ceiling, and left them thus suspended about ten feet from the floor. They then locked the door outside and retired.

At 3 a. m. Judge Carter woke with that species of thirst which usually comes after Kentucky punck and technically known as "hot coppers." Leaping lightly out of bed to get the ice pitcher, he went whirling down ten feet, alighting with a soul-stirring thump on all fours. There was a long and painful pause. Then he peered up and through the darkness and called:

"Caswell?" (No reply.) (Feeble cries.)

"Eh?-um?-what?" The Judge was awakening.
"I've fallen through a trap!" yelled
the now frightened Judge, "get up and

light a candle!" Where are you?" asked Judge Carter, sleepily, framing his opinion that his honorable brother was drunk.

"Down here; fell through a trap! Don't get out on my side of the bed ! "All right!" And Judge Marks the furniture.

The Judges groped around on their climbed into it, and got warm enough to talk the thing over.

There were recently two temperance societies started under glorious auspices. The headquarters of one is at Selma, the other at Sheboygan.

Grant as a Historian.

among a mass of papers and books, hard Vicksburg, one of a series of works on the civil war, which, when finished, will doubtless give to the world an impartial and thorough history of that great epoch in our nation's life. So buried was he in his work that when I began talking with him his answers were in military style: but he afterwards spoke as earnestly as if he were giving an order just before some great battle. By and by he quieted down and related an incident of the siege before entirely unknown to me. In a well modulated tone he said in his own

charactertistic way: . "The order was given to fire the mine and immediately after the fuse blazed brightly. The next instant a terrific explosion occurred and human beings were seen to shoot high into the air. Some of them fell to the earth fearfully mangled, while others, wonderful it is to relate, fell back alive, but with terrible wounds. Among those who escaped death was a robust colored man who had been engaged on the Confederate side as a miner. He was in the mine at the time the order to fire was given, but had not reached deep enough when the explosion took place, and, in consequence, he was blown high into the air. He fell on a pile of earth unhurt. He was first taken into my headquarters, where he gave the offi-cers present full information about the construction and location of the Confederate shaft and his experience while in the air. When asked how far he thought he had gone up he said: "Oh, Lord o' massa, I went up 'bout three to five miles, but I done thank the Lord He landed me within the Yankee lines."

Here the great soldier laughed as heartily as if the incident had occurred

only yesterday. I was very glad to find him in such a cheerful mood, as his late business troubles must have worried him considerably. He is forgetting them now, I think. He has finished the Battle of Shiloh and he will soon write, from a strictly impartial standpoint, an account of Lee's surrender at Appomattox .-From a Long Branch Letter.

AUGUSTA, August 4.- Last night about o'clock Mr. John B. Carter, a wellknown citizen of Augusta, was awakened by mosquitoes under his net. He got up, lit a kerosene oil lamp, went back to the bed and began to brush out the mosquitoes. While doing this he struck his foot against something and stumbled. The lamp was broken against the bedpost and the hot oil, falling on Mr. Carter, took fire and burned fiercely. In a moment he was completely enveloped in the flames. His cries aroused his wife, who made every effort to extinguish the flames, and in this she was soon assisted by other members of the family and neighbors who rushed in. When, however, the fire was finally put out it was found that Mr. Carter was horribly burned. His entire body in fact was burned to a crisp and he suffered terrible agony nntil he died, about 7 o'clock this mornfor several years a member of the drug liked and esteemed.